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A FIG FOR Fortune.

Recta Securus.

A. C.



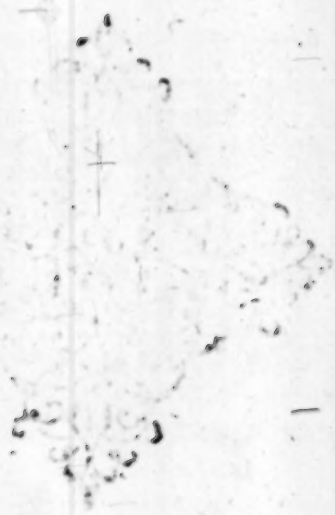
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A FIG FOR

Fortune.

THE



WILLIAM C. MILLER

To the Right Honourable

Anthony Browne, L. Viccompt Montague, euerla-
sting glorie to his vertues.

FLie vale-bred Musc to heauen-high *Montague*
Honoring thy playnesse with so quaint aspire:
It is a haggard Hawke that neuer knew
The Fawlkoners fist; It is a drow sic fire
That yeelds nor flame nor fume; It is an idle voyce
That nere was hard to tune nor sound, nor note nor
Great *Montague*; thrise great in Vertues glorie (noile.
And therefore dulle great in my affections,
Whom not a Pick-thanke spirit of flatterie
But well aduised zeale to your perfections
Mooues to instile you so: Though likewise so you be
In the sublimitie of your blood and Vicomptie,
Daigne in your grace the spirit of a man
Disastred for vertue; if at least it be
Disaster to be winnowed out Fortunes Fan
Into the Fan of Grace and Sionrie
Wherin repurify'd to Gods eternall glorie
The Deuill rues in man old *Adams* injurie.
Though meane and merit-lesse the Musc may seeme
To your aduice; as not from *Helicon*,
Yet well I hope the matter will redeme
That fraile default, as spirited from *Sion*:
If *Sions* holie name be gracious to your eare
Hold it in gree; els for the zeale to you I beare,
At least your happie Names faire liuerie let it weare,

Your Lordsh. humblic at commandement,

Anthony Copley.

Journal of the

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The Argument to the Reader.

AN Elizian out-cast of Fortune, ranging on his
Iade Melancholie through the Desert of his
affliction, in hope to find out some where either
ease or end of the same, hapneth first upon Ca-
toes ghost a spirit of Dispaire & self-misdoom
which perswades him to kill himselfe: But, for
she ended her Oratory with a Sulphur vanish fro out his sight, he
misdoubted both her and her tale. Then passing onward through
the residue of the night; he next chanceth on the spirit of Re-
uenge: She perswades him blood and treacherie against all his
enemies, as th'onlie means to remouunt to pristin blesse in despite
of Fortune: But she likewise manifesting in the end the treason of
her tale by a sudden whip-away from his eye at the sight of break
of day in the East, left him also conceipted of her danger.
Thirldy, rapt from off his Melancholie (which now began to
faint vnder him at the light of a new day of Grace) he was sud-
denlie mounted vpon the Steed of Good Desire, and by him
brought to Mount-Sion the Temple of Peace; where by Cate-
chrysius an Hermit (who greatlie woondred to see a distressed
Elizian in those partes vnder so happie daies of Eliza) he was by
him in the house of Deuotion catechized, and there also cele-
stially arm'd by an Angell, and within a while after in-denized
by the high Sacrificator a Champion of that Temple against the
insults of Fortune; whom I haue titled by the name of Doblella

The Argument.

in respect of the double danger both of her luring and lowering inconstancie: She, while the Stones were all in peacefull adoration of Almighty God in the Temple, came with her Babelonian rout to assault the place, but wastefull by the valure of those Templers shamefull he repulsed: Feast and thanks was made to God therefore throughout all the Region: in which solemnitie the Grace of God hovering over the multitude in the Procession time like a virgin attended upon with all the Courts of heauen, shew'd downe Roses amongst them, leaning them there as scrambling for the same. The Elizian was one that stumbled in his lap full among the rest: and for he thought it was his soueraigne Ladie Eliza, and those Roses hers, he was suddenly in toy thereof rapt home againe to Elizium.

Fautes escaped in printing.

- Pag 5. Lin 18 It shat it klie an i is read Doe shut themselves and are.
 P. 8 l 3. to giue thy selfe read. to giue thy flesh.
 P. 16. l. 10 aw. like read. aulike.
 P 64. l. 1. Peacefullie aduance. read. pace. fully aduance.



A Fig for Fortune:



Ested in fable vale, exild from Ioy,
I rang'd to seeke out a propitious place,
Where I might sit and descant of annoy
And of faire Fortune, altered to disgrace,
At last, euen in the confines of the night
I did discerne aloofe a sparkling light,

Then set I spurres vnto my Melancholie,
A Iade wheron I had ridden many a mile,
Which lesle then in the twinkling of an eye,
Brought me vnto that satall lights beguile:
Where I might see an agonizing beast,
Bleeding his venym blood out at his brek.

His vpper shape was faire-Angelicall,
The rest belowe, all whollie Serpentine,
Cole blacke in croching vpon his pectorall,
And rudely inrowlled in a Gorgon-twine,
His eyes like Goblins stared heer and there,
In fell disdayne of such disfigured geare.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

At last he spi'd me, and staring on my face,
He rear'd his mongrel-lumpe vp towards me,
Fainting and falling in his Deaths-disgrace,
And yet enforcing still more stabbes to die,
Then thus he vauntingly began to tell me
Of such his fortitude in aduersitie.

Welcome deer guest (quoth he) to *Cato's* Ghost,
Welcome true witnesse of my fortitude,
Seest thou not how this hell-blacke shape almost
Hath quite subdu'd my vpper-albitude?
It is aduersitie vpon my state,
Which see how I reuenge it desperate.

With that, as with a new supplied flood
The angrie stream beares quite adowne the riuer
All obstacle with vnappeased mood:
So his enrag'd hand did fierce deliuer
Fresh death-stabbes to his loath'd mortalitie
Euen at the naming of aduersitie.

And then in four-fold misconforted voice
Of Life and Death: Rage and Disdaine, he added:
Whilom I was a man of *Romes* rejoyce
Whiles happy Fortune my estate vppropp'd:
But once when *Cæsar* ouer-topped all,
Then (loe) this mid-night shape did me befall.

Then

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- A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

Then gan I to conceipt my Censure-ship,
My Senatorie-pomp, and libertie
All base-subjected to his Tyrant-whip:
My mind was mightie against such miserie,
And rather would I die magnanimous
Then liue to see a *Cæsar* ouer vs.

It was ynough that the Thessalian fieldes
Suckt vp the mutuall bloud-shed of our men,
That *Pompey* dies, and all the Empire yeeldes
To *Cæsars* dauncing Fortune, and *Omens*:
Cato must die as free from seruitude
As he disdaineth *Cæsars* altitude.

Yet for my Countrey is a part of me,
And it is all subjected to disgrace,
Loe, that's my serpentine obscuritie
For which I spight, and spit on *Cæsars* face,
And stab me with a quaint disdain and anger
Because I will not liue in *Cæsars* danger.

Thou therefore that doest seeme a dolefull wight,
View me the president of Cares redresse,
And if that Fortune be about thy might
Yet death is in thy power and readinesse:
Disdaine Misfortune then t'insult vpon thee
Seeing that to die is all so faire and easie,

A FIG FOR FORTVNE:

Death is misfortunes monarchizing foe,
 Prime Nature of Almighty fortitud,
 Eternall Sanctuarie from vnrest and woe,
 Fames Arke, and all our frailties Period:
 Our lytes true tuchstone, natures offertory,
 And bridge to sweet Eliziums eternitie.

And as for base Aduersitie, what is it?
 But Gloryes graue, a coward mindes ingalley,
 The carrion of our lyte, suppresser of spirit,
 Shadow of *lower* hate: Disdaines obloquie,
 Helles ongate, an Owlishe conuersation,
 All Ioyes deprise, and sorrowes inuadation.

Looke not so downe agast at what I say,
 But with a generous erected front,
 Number these willing woundes (my hartes defray)
 To Glory sole land-ladie of this account:
 They are the Tythes I pay to eternall Fame:
 There is not any one of them prophane.

Be not injayld to base Aduersitie,
 Rather slip out thy life at gloryes windoe,
 One stab will send thee to eternity,
 And rid thee quite and cleane of all thy woe.
 Then there lies life-lesse all Calamity,
 Thy name and Spirit sayre amountes to glory.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

It is not as vulgaritie esteemes
Sincere worth to be bebest of Fortune,
A fickle Dame that commonlie misdeemes
Those that her fauours most of all importune.
Blesse thou thy selfe, and if that Fortune curse thee,
Die in despight of her, and her discour'sie,

Oh what a base ingenerous sight it is,
To see men crooch and pewle at her vaine Altars,
Offering their presents to her peeushnesse
And therewithall, their necks vnto her haltars:
Be thou subsistant of thy selfe alongely,
And if thou canst not liue, yet die with glorie;

Fie on those lowtish growt-head Iobbernowles
That slander Nature with their Modicums,
I tell thee Natur's like to Marygowldes,
Largely display'd to twentie thousand Sunnes,
Which if they cease to shine in Majestie,
It shuttes it selfe, and is content to die.

Thy Spirit is a particle of *Ioue*,
It scornes indignitie and meane suffize,
Like as a flame, or oyle, it mounts aboue,
And take but Glory from it, and it dies:
Yet dies it not, but to indignitie,
Mounting by Death, to Fames eternitie.

There is no hell like to declined glorie,
 Nor is *Promethew* Vulture halfe so fell
 As the sad memorie of a happie storie
 To him, that in aduersitie doeth dwell:
 Ah, let him dye that is not as he was,
 With ending blesse breake he the houre-glasse.

What booteth it to liue in base contempt
 In euer melancholie-adumbred mood?
 As able to the vulgar babblement,
 A muddie ebbe after a Chrystall flood?
 Out with thy candle, let it burne no more,
 When once thou art become the worlds eye-fore.

And tell not me of durie vnto life;
 Nature is as indifferent to death,
 Life led in joyes abandon and deprise
 Is Natures deeper graue, then earth beneath:
 It is not death, that which the world calles dying,
 But that is death, which is all joyes denying.

Nature disdaines all grosse encountring meat
 Fore-fed with *Nectar*, and Ambrosian sweetes,
 And Night that is the merrie dayes defeat
 We see how Nature giues it drowisie greetes:
 Now: Sleep by night is but a silent signe
 How sweet it is to die in Ioyes decline,

And

A FIG FOR FORTVNE;

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And then as is the morrowe-dawning day
A fresh re-bleſſe to Natures next awake;
So to the wretch that dies diſgrace away
Elizium is his ſecond lifes partake:
Where he ſhall triumph in eternity,
And Fame the Chanteclere of ſuch his glory.

Loe, I a preſident before thine eyes;
This gore imports the glorie of my Ghost,
Who but fore-weening Cæſars tyrannies
Fore-doom'd my ſelf in care-preuenting poſt:
Then thou that art a verie wretch indeed,
Oh, why deſterr'ſt thou ſo long to bleed?

Out with that Iayle-bird of aduerſitie;
Diſdaine to liue at Natures joyleſſe leaſure:
Bale drown'd in gore and magnanimitie
Is an vpdiue to all eternall pleaſure:
Thinke what a Fame-renowned thing it is
In crimſon floods to warfare baſe de-bliſſe.

Deſerre no longer then thy doome of death,
But Champion-like confound Calamitie,
Proſperities Satrap feares not to vnſheath
His kil-care blade againſt fleſhes fearful ſraikie:
Fleſh of it ſelfe will one day turne to duſt,
Then doome it thou thy ſelfe ſince ſo it muſt.

Thou

Thou would'st not gladly eate an Abricocke,
 Or Peache vnpar'd, because their rinde is bitter,
 And fear'st thou then to giue thy selfe the stocke,
 That so vnkindely bittereth all thy better?
 Oh, off with it, and yeeld thy sweetes to *Ioue*;
 And he will counter-sweete thee with his loue.

He will imboosome thee in his embrace,
 And Ioye-embalme thee in his *Heauen-delights*;
 Thy skarres and gashes he will faire deface,
 And sanctifie thee with alhallowed rites:
 Thou shalt be as a Meteor ouershining
 All mortall glory in her dust declining.

There will we meet thee in Vermilion vest,
 I, *Otho*, *Anniball*, and all the rest,
 Fames choicest Martyrs, who in Fates detest,
 Doom'd all our selues to euerlasting rest.
 There will we magnifie thy happie woundes,
 And high applaud the with Crownets & Crownes,

With that I drew out my emboldened blade,
 Resolu'd to massacre my loathed life:
 When (loe) the Ghost from out my sight did vade,
 As though to tell his *Ioue* of my arise:
 But such a Sulphur stench hee left behind him
 That I in dreade thereof shooke euery lim.

And

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

And therewithall my sword fell to the ground
And I misdoubted some illusion:
Such was the safetie that then I found
In drowisie dread, and deaths confusion,
 Prophanely spoken: 'twas no frailties deed,
 But God alonlie stood thee then in steed.

So then remounted on my Sable jade,
I rang'd ore craggy cliftes and desert dales
In way-lesse wander, and in Horrors shade,
One while conceipting *Cares* death-availes,
 And then anon reflecting on his stinke,
 Thus strayd I most in dread & deaths instinct.

Thrise drew I out my dagger for to stab me
And then so oft I mus'd why *Care* stunk so,
Me thought there should no such disglory be
In sacred Ghosts, freed from the filth of woe:
 So was my moody mindes perplexed wander
 Partial on lifes behalfe gainst deadly danger.

Then on I rode, and riding through a dale
Hell-like adumbred with a duskie gloome,
A suddaine fatall blast did me assaile
And droue me to a second damned doome,
 Where I might see a more then hell-black finger
 That pointed me, and said: Loe yonder, yonder.

C

Wid

With that my Melancholy star'd round about
 And like a whirle-wind posted to the place,
 Where I might heare a voyce that roared out
 Reuenge, reuenge, thy dollorous disgrace:
 And then effloons all in a Sulphur-flame
 Appear'd vnto my sight a shape of shame.

Her face was Skowl-regarding on the ground,
 Her eyes like *Hecates* cuer-sparkling fires,
 Her finger on her mouth was a dumb bound
 Of her *Cyclopsian* frets and fell desires:
 In th'other hand she bare a fierie sheafe,
 And all her body was as pale as death.

Her haire was Snake-incurl'd *Medusa*-like,
 Hauing the power t'instone me where I stood:
 So was I sencelesse all but in dislike
 And deadly horror of so dread a Bug:
 At last she fretted out an angry noise
 And thus inspeched it into a voice.

Feare not my wan and moody misproportion,
 For (I confesse) I am no fondlings joy,
 Nor am I of a wanton disposition
 As is the God of Loue that idle boy,
 Yet am I a joy in another kind
 To such as in vn-joy most ioy doe find,

I am Reuenge, the doome of iniuries:
The Misers refuge, and reuiue to blesse
Occasions *Argus*, pith of Tragedies
The summe of pollicie in all distresse:
Wrathes thunder-bolt, and triumph ouer those
That in their jollitie work others woes.

Th'injurious Gallant in his Commick-braue
I agonize with vnexpected bale,
Because he shall not thinke that in the graue
Lies nought but impotence and deaths auails;
He shew him that the worme hath power to moue,
And none so lowe but may amount aboue,

There is a Phoenix of *Aduersitie*
That faire results from her incindermment,
And dares to braue with an vndaunted eie
Prosperities shine, & brightest blandishments
It is Reuenge, 'tis I can stare it out,
And make it by disgrace the Misers flout.

I reat'd *Corelian* from his exile state
To triumph ouer *Romes* ingratitude,
And *Cæsar* I did whollie animate
To down with *Pompeys* scornfull altitude,
His sute deni'd him by the Senate-house,
Did cause me make him *Rome*-Emperious.

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Of latter dayes a *Bourbon* in disgrace
 I arm'd against his Lieges injurie,
 And gaue him victorie at *Pavia*-chace
 Where he beheld him in captiuitie:
 What though he were a Traitor in so doing,
 Tis statelic done to ouer-top a King.

To be faire Fortunes euer Carpet-darling
 Is fmall glorie: But Reueng'd disgrace
 That's truly Masculine, and rich triumphing:
 Al peace-content is too too cheap and base:
 What manhood is it still to feed on Chickins
 Like infant nurse-boys in nice Fortunes kitchins!

Giue me the man that with vndaunted spirit
 Dares giue occasion of a Tragedie:
 And be content for his more after-merit
 To be downe beaten from felicity:
 To th'end that with a fierce amount he may
 Re-bleffe himselfe in spight of Fortunes nay.

Tis braue to plunge adowne into the deep
 And so vp-bound againe about the waue,
 To be continually a mountain-sheep
 Is Cockrell-like, it is a dung-hill braue:
 The crauin Cocke is hartlesse from his hill,
 Shame to be so that hast a manly will,

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

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To be depos'd from blisse by injurie,
Is double glorie to remount to it,
Nor is thy title lost to dignitie
Vnlesse suppress of spirite forfeit it:
Misfortunes power cannot soyle thy right,
Doe thou but beare a minde in her despight.

We cannot say that man is overcome
That still beares vp his arme against his foe,
Nor that he is sincerely out-run
Whom the Corriualstrip doth overthrow:
VVhat ere is lost with fore-wits vnpretention,
Win it againe with after-wits contention.

This humane fate, sometime to slip and fall,
But to ingrouell in durt is beastlie base:
To rise againe, oh that is Iouiall,
Or els reuenge to death the downe-disgrace:
Therefore, thou hast a spirit of despight,
As well as in good hap to take delight.

The gallant man vnhorst amidst his foes
Fightes to the death his latest wrath away,
And when he can no more: with mops and mowes
He floutes both them, and Death, and Destinie:
So if not Victor, yet vnvanquished
He dies to euerlasting liuelihed.

C 3

B

Be not as is the coward Scorpion
 That rounded all about with ashie embers
 Dispaire and dies in self-destruction
 Renting with fierce enrage his venym members:
 But if that *Ioue* will ayd thy fortitude
 Downe to all *Acharen*, and the Furie brood,

Hell holdes in honor the braue minded man
 That knowes the price and value of his head,
 That measures not Renowne by inch or span,
 But by th' eternitie of *Ioues* Godhead,
 That skornes to brooke base infelicitie,
 Or pocket vp degraded dignitie.

And haply *Ioue* himselfe supplants thy state
 To see how thou canst scramble vp againe,
 And scuffle manly with malignant fate
 To a redoubled glories rich attaine:
 Then cheerly (man) inhearten all thy sperites
 And dead Reuenge thy miseries demerites.

Loe, I thy Aduocate vnto the Haggas
 Will still importune thy Prosperitie,
 And be at hand with poison, and with dagges
 To execute each plotted tragedie:
 Misfortune shall not scoffe at thy confusion,
 If hell and I befriend thee in coniunction.

Lay but thy hand vpon thy conscience,
 And faire in-vow mee in an earnest spirit;
 So shalt thou compasse Tragick consequence
 On all thy foes that now to frolick it.
 They shall no longer leaſt vpon thy ſets
 Nor register thy woes in their banquets.

Thou ſhalt eniowle them one againſt another:
 With hoſtill jealousie, and dead debates
 I tell thee (man) all frienſhip is vnſure
 Founded vpon anothers downe eſtate:
 Nor ioyes he long againſt Reuenges doome,
 That wrong in-ſtates him in anothers roome.

Heauen is the Arbitr, and wils it ſo,
 I and the Furies are the instruments
 To act that iuſtice in all tragicke woe,
 Now is it in this caſe our good intents
 To joyne with vs thy manuall act heerin
 That more then priſtin glory thou maiſt win.

But ſay thou winne not priſtin glorie by it
 Yet ſhalt thou ſee thy foes in downe diſgrace,
 Thy ſelte ſhalt act it, ſuch ſhall be thy merit,
 And ſuch thy glorie in a higher place:
 What greater glorie can betide the vale
 Then force the Mountain-top adowne to fall.

So shall thy glorie not be lost, but left,
 Yealosse to them that all so dearly buy it,
 When thou shalt Phoenix-like of blisse bereft
 Rise from thy ruines to a higher merit
 Degraded from a puppet Commicke-stage
 To act the statelie Tragick personage.

Chang'd to a faire ensiered Salamander
 Breathing Reuenges bright & sacred flames,
 Which high inspirits men to lofty matter
 In quaint disdain of aulicke infant games;
 Games of the bodie, follies of the minde,
 Oh, how t'is base to liue so like a Hinde.

Nature hath giuen you male & female willes,
 The one wherwith to couet meriments,
 The other to detest all aduerse ils,
 Now is almightie *Ioue* great woonderments
 More in his Thunder-boltes then in his sweetes,
 To shew Reuenge more woorth then Pleasures greets.

Then arme thy selfe Reuenges Champion,
 To bandie away thy foes, and all disgrace
 VVith polliticke dissimulation
 Of contrarie language, and contrary face:
 As the Camellion changeth still his hue
 VVith euery obiect cullor: so change thou.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

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So maist thou close Camelion-like conceale
Thy tragicke shape of Horror and Reuenge,
Whiles they misdoubting not thy false reucale
Are caught vnwares like Woodcocks in a spreng,
Such is the honour of Aduersitie,
With sleights to vndermine Prosperitie.

Be to thy oath, as th' Ape is to his blocke,
Sometimes sticke to it, sometimes flit from it
As pregnant policy may thee prouoke:
T'is foole-sincerity, and want of wit
To make a pot to breake thy head withall,
Or rather not to breake it first of all.

Vse Friend and Foe, and Neuter all alike,
Onlie as instrumentall implements
To thy designe, thy aymed stroke to strike:
And see them but with avery complements:
That done, and thy affaire effected,
Destroy them all for feare thou be detected.

Dead dogges barke not, nor stands it with thy honōr
To be vpbayded with a curtesie;
Much lesse to be employd in like deuoir
According *Quid pro Quo* seruilitie:
Such is the summe of perfect policie
To worke securely with Vulgaritie.

D

Be

A FIG FOR FORTUNE! A

Be close, and jealous in each action
 For that close dealing is good Speeds assurance
 And Icalousie's the Sentinell of Caution
 And bear thou still in mind this circumstance;
 If all good fortune, and aduise should faile thee
 To haue a starring hole for after-lasetic,

'Twas meger Prudence in the antique Sages
 That but with Goodnes could recure an Euill:
 Gue me the man that with wittes pollices
 Can Saint a Deuill with another Deuill:
 That can lo shift, and shuffle the cards in fist,
 As turne vp whatsoever Trump he list,

'Tis Heauens attaine to send thy foes to Hell
 With mutuall murders in Seditions field:
 The vpper Buckets fall into the well
 The lowers faire amount we see doth yeeld:
 Such is the merit of Reuenges deed,
 With others wrack to work thine own good speed.

'At least to die in well appeased wrath
 And in suruiue of all thine enemies
 Is stately dying: 'tis faire lie downe and laugh,
 And an vp-rise to lower benignities,
 Honour and Fame in after ages,
 Reuenges blessed Righes and Appennages.

Then

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

Then come, embrace me with a firme affeint
And thinke no idle voyce sollicitis thee;
I tell thee (man) in thy arbitrement
Lies all thy glorie, and felicitie:
I'll be thy hand-maid heer in earth belowe,
The rest about great *Ioue* he will bestow.

So sayd, she rear'd her skowle down-lookt on
And vagrantlie regarding round about
In Period-pawse; At last as one bestraught
She itar'd, and trembled, and began to powt
And suddenly she vanisht out of sight
Because now in the East it dawn'd day-light.

Euen so (quoth I) is it Reuenges guise
To be in force by Night, be gone by Day;
Such is not the instinct of Paradize,
God graunt it be no Plutonicke affray:
Oh what it is to be a mortall man
Subiect to all the guiles and sleights of Satan.

Yet for her speech was consonant to Nature,
I wisht sh^h had been an Oracle of truth;
So credulous is Angers moodie vigour
When once it is int-Caured in youth:
And hand in-hand with a quaint Disdaine
Iniurious disglorie to sustaine.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

Yea what is not the miser apt to doe,
What not beleue to mitigate his euill?
Well may he faine a patient outward be,
But not exile his inward damned deuill,
The Vulture of despite that neuer dies
But rents and teares his heart in rauen-wise.

Now Chanteclere the vigill of the night
Crew broad day light: when *Titan* in the East
Peece-meale appearing in his pristin bright
Broad-waked euery creature, man and beast,
Ech musick-bird beblessing his amount
Both in the humble vale and haughtie mount,

When (loe) my jade vnsprighted, and vnnighted,
Rag'd and engag'd him selfe to all aduventure
Ore hedge, and ditch, and flood, so fell affrighted
He was to see the Sunne, so shone a creature:
All as the Tench in waterles despaire
Beateh him selfe to death in spight of ayre.

So on I hasted at my jades behest,
As whilom *Phaeton* in his skye cart,
Weake (God he knowes) to rule so fierce a beast,
Deadly feare-frighted both in heart and arte:
But whome our Lords safe prouidence bespeedeth,
No humaine power of heart or arte he needeth.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

¶

At last in proesse of an ouer-tire
My moody beast stood stil in palse-wise,
Trembling and fainting in a daunted ire,
(Such is the end of Rages ryotize:)
Then had I leasure for to looke about me,
And (loe) I spide a Rock in shining glorie.

I hy'd me to it with a pleasing pace,
And yet not pleasant, for 't was all to slowe:
So flight is Melancholie to darke disgrace
And deadly drowfie to a bright good morrow;
Yet on I march'd, and marueil'd at the sight,
I neuer in all my life saw thing so bright:

As more and more I neer'd vnto the place
So by degrees my Melancholy fainted,
When (loe) anon with a religious pace
A snow-white Iennet towards me aduanced:
His name was *Good desire*, his saddle greene
Was *Reuerend Solace* of a godly spleen.

Whereat my jade affrighted and despighted
Sped all to naught as myst before the Sonne:
When I eftsoons internallie delighted
Was rapt by *Good desire* vnto *Denotion*:
A penall place, yet parcell of the rock,
And brighter then the Noony Zodiack.

D 3

There

There kneel'd a reuerend Sophie all in teares
 With needle-pointed Discipline correcting
 His Flethes frailtie: Oh how he besmeares
 The place with penall blood, and blubbering:
 His hart was wholly fixt on Christ his Passion,
 So shew'd his Crucifixe-contemplation.

Before him was a Deaths-head full of wormes,
 The picture of a Graue, and an Hower-glasse,
 A map of Doomsday, and Hell in fearfull formes,
 And Heauen figur'd all in Saintlie follace:
 His pale and megre countenance areeded
 His spare poor fare, and how hard he bedded,

Standing behind him, he was in a trance,
 And I betooke my Eie to a steddie gaze,
 My Mind to an amaze at so great suffrance,
 So penall suffrance in so bright a place,
 And now I see (said I) there is a blisse
 Euen in Aduersitie what ere it is.

And thus aside I argued the case:
 In place so bright what meane these drearements?
 A heauie case deterues a dolefull place
 Since bale and bleffe are aduerse Complements:
 And yet the Glowe-worme in the darkest night
 Though blacke it be, shines forth a starry bright.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

By

Care and Reuenge were blacke, and both to blame
Th' one in sulphure stench, th' other in Lightes abhorr,
And Melancholye was the lade of shame
That darkeling brought me to that dnbble dorn
A better horte I hope hath brought me hether
For both the place is bright, and us fayr weather.

Long haue I rang'd to finde a place of ease
Where I may passe away my peniue playntes,
And happily if this be now that place of peace
Heer rest I euer in my woes atayntes:
Heer in this Caue, and in this sable shrowde
Dye I a Caytiffe vnder Fortunes clowd.

This aged man and I will both together
Complaine in common our calamytie;
That haply whiles we striue t'outplaine each other
Suche our ambition may swage our miserie,
Or both at once, may cracke as ouerstrained,
Ambitious dying is a glorie gained,

But (well I wot) thou wrong'st this holy place
By mis-constructing it to care and bale,
Tis puddle sacrilege so to disgrace
The grace of God, through errors rude mispriall:
What though the man doe seeme disconsolate,
Somewhat it is doth thee exhilerate.

For

For why, I felt my spirit all possesse,
 With a reuiued hope to happinesse;
 It was the Grace of God in my vnrest
 That in-lie cheer'd me vp to future blesse,
 Deere gift of God, the Character of life
 And heauenly make-peace of our ghostly strife.

It is the Raye, and Speech of heauen to man,
 The Rainbowe-pledge of Gods beneuolence,
 The Limbecke of our iustice, and the Fan
 That winnoweth sinne away from innocence:
 Prime moouer, and efficient caule of good
 To all that are redeem'd with Christ his blood.

Whiles thus with infant zeale I did applaud
 The in-come grace of God into my heart
 In full detest of fore-affected fraud,
 Loe, now this penall Sage began to start
 From out his trance, and with a heauenlie voyce,
 And armes a crosse, he bid his soule rejoyce.

Reioyce(quoeth he) at this eternall truth,
 The man is blest that for Gods iustice sake
 Sustaines with Patience reproch and ruth,
 Our Lord hath promist that he wil partake
 His heauen to him: His name be prai'd therfore,
 And so he kist the Crosse, and said no more.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

43

With that my heart exulted in my breast,
As faire presaging weale vnto my woe;
For why I was not vulgarlie distrest
But, for a cause that bore an honest showe,
Yet for my frailtie was impatient
I long'd for speedy death or solagement.

Then stept I to that man of Mysteries
With carefull Complement least to offend,
When he ctsloons with reuerend arise
Did recomplie me like a perfect friend:
The teares of joy that trill'd adowne his chin
Did sweare what true affection was within.

And lastly he thus embracingly bespake me,
Welcome (*Elizian*-man) a thousand-fold
More deere and shone to *Catechrysius* eye
Then all the pleasant pride of Pearle or Gold:
Rare, yea all too rare are now adayes
Elizai subjectes seen to passe this wayes.

Belike yee are a Paradized people
That so contain your selves in home-delights;
As though that only vnder your steeple
And no wher els were all May-mery Rights:
A blessed people ye are, if it be so
And yet me thinkes thou seem'st a man of woe.
E Where

Wherto I answered all with humble thanks:
 First, that I was the man he tooke me for
 Bred and brought vp on sayre *Elizas* bankes,
 Next, did I largely shew him furthermore
 How blessedly we liue, as hee had heard
 Vnder *Elizas* peacefull power and guard.

And as for my peculiar distresse,
 I tolde him so I seem'd, and so I was
 The Rag of Fortune: Badge of base deblesse,
 The Spunge of care, a broken Hower-glasse:
 The Finger-man of shame, and Obloquie
 Downly degraded from Felicitie,

I told him of my dreary journeiment
 On moodie Melancholie; and how I sped
 With *Cato*, and *Reuenges* babblement,
 And how, along the Desert as I fled
 I met with *Good Desire* a goodly Steed
 That brought me thither in my ghostly need,

I would haue told him more of my arange
 Euen all the verie conscience of my case,
 The cause of such my reprobate exchange
 From blesse to bale: & how frō place to place
 Bownd'esse in care, I rang'd to bownd my Fate,
 Content to die: but not die desperate,

But

But he eftsloones preuented me, and said:
 Oh happie thou, if so thou knew'st thy hap,
 I tell thee (man) thou art right laire apaid
 Exil'd from *Mammon* into *Iesus* lap:
 Come sit we downe, and I will shew thee how
 In this distresse, thou mayst nor breake, nor bow.

So downe we sate: my heart was festiuall
 My care was eager-liquorish to embaite
 Good *Catechryson* his Cordiall:
 Who then with eies to heauen eleuate
 And crosse-laid armes did vow syncerely
 All loue, and truth in what he meant to shew me.

And then (quoth he) deare Englishman, suppose
 Me not vnciuill t' interrupt thy tale,
 For in our Lord I well aread thy woes
 And Charitie hies me to recure them all:
 Now all is but the action of the Mind,
 That rectifi'd, the rest is all but wind.

Know then, thou art no better then a man
 Natur'd indifferently, to weale or woe,
 Who ere he be that's borne of a woman
 Is first just nothing, next an *Embrio*,
 Then borne into the world in impotence
 Poore interest to future Excellence,

Nay borne in fable sinne to Gods offence,
 Nipt in the blossome by the blast of Hell,
 Spur-gall'd of *Adam* both in soule and sence
 And hodge-podged between a man & Deuel,
 A fardle of frailties dooni'd vnto damnation
 So sore we haue incurr'd Gods indignation,

If these be titles of felicitie,
 Ah, poore felicitie, vnpleasant Pride:
 Rooted in hell, brancht in mortalitie
 And round imbarck'd with sin on euerie side:
 Nor are we thus disgrac'd but of our selves
 For first we ate the Apple of all these helles.

We might haue chosen in *Adams* Libertie
 Whether t'haue eate that Apple yea or no,
 But needs we would aduenture: And wot you why?
 Forsooth of Pride both good and bad to know:
 So slunke from vs the glorie and grace of God
 Leauing vs quite to our selfe breeching-rod

Heerhence we couet counterfeite content,
 Sublime mundanitie, and our Fleshes ease,
 Rating the trash of earth true solagement
 And euery toy of price our sence to please:
 Such is our frailtie, and yet we see it not
 So to subject vs to so seruile Lot,

And

And such the matter of thy discontent,
Because thou ouer-prizest Fleshes sence,
Rating the world at all too high a rent
Wheras it is but dust and Gods offence:
The *Mammon* of iniquitie in Scripture phrase
And but a meere Crocadyle-amaze.

Concept thy selfe no better then thou art,
A forie Iourney-man from birth to death
And all this world but matter of vndeart
And a meere momentarie trash-bequeath:
Death doomes all Fleish at last, and Fleish-affaires
Be it Fleshes joyes, or Fleshes seruile cares.

Blesse being the perfect Counterpane of good
This world is not of worth to correspond it
It being but trash, ore-flowne with Frailties flood
And deep indown'd from heauens fellowship
Then vp to heauen amount thy true ambition
And as for earth out-care it in contrition.

Not to dispaire and die as *Cato* told thee,
For that is base Pusillanimitie
And Natures most vnhalloved infamie,
Treason to God, and fell disloyaltie
So to betray his Fort and Character
To selfe-misdoome, and drearie disaster.

We ought not cancell Gods eternall doome
 Vn-labelling our life from his faire Charter,
 For such is diffidence in his holidoome
 And prowd in-officing vs in his affaire:
 Nor can we kill Calamitie by death
 For he is iust in earth, and hell beneath,

Thou canst not flit from his almightie doome
 He being th' Arbiter of all, and nothing:
 Who gaue thee Essence out of *Vacuum*
 Can paine thy ashes all in earth reposing:
 Well maist thou shift his anger into grace
 But not depriue thee from his beaucny face.

As vaine it is to thinke Reuenges deed
 Can counter-dooome thy bale to blessednesse,
 The power of Flesh being but a rotten reed
 And selfely inclined vnto all distresse:
 Then since we are so wretched of our selves
 Add worse to yll doth but encrease our helles.

Such is Reuenge: It is a haggard yll,
 A Luciferiall ranke vcharitie:
 The venym, and blacke-*Saurus* of our will
 Vnreasons rage; spawne of Impietie,
 Breath of Despaire, Prime-brat of Enuies brood,
 And all good Natures Satyr-*Antipode*.

Reuenges

Reuenges arme rear'd vp against the Foe
Aimes to defeat God of his interest
Who clausually referu'd that worke of woe
Vnto his owne judiciall behest;
Thou art a man, and once didst sucke thy mother,
Thou canst not judge thy selfe, much lesse another.

And what know'st thou whether haply for thine owne
Or for thy Predecessors sinnes thou sufferest,
God oft transfers his indignation
From the offending East to th'ending West.
Or whether it be to trie thy patience,
And flush the more thy good obedience.

If it be for thy sinnes, oh happy thou
That art so temporally corrected:
Such is Gods mercy, not his Iustice-blow;
A worser doome is to thy euill indebted:
For God being good in all infinitie
Such is thy sinnes, and hels affinitie.

And if for thy fore-fathers trespasses,
T'is braue to be so good a Sacrifice,
God earst to expiate thy amisses
Being a president before thine eies
Of willing death; wee are not borne only
Vnto our selves: Suche is vncharitie.

The

The feeble Nature euen of Flesh and Blood
 Hath been so kind to die for Ancestric,
 Gentility records *Eneas* good
 In that he bore his aged fathers frailtie
 Through *Troyes* flames: much more ought Charitie
 Beare patiently anothers penaltie.

But shall I say that haplie in this case
 Our Lord is pleas'd to trie thy patience,
 Thy valure, and obedience in disgrace?
 Oh, that were all-too glorious a pretence:
 For (well ye wot) that Souldiour is a King
 That choycelie is employ'd in warfaring.

Tis Scowndrell-glorie still to sit at ease
 In gawdie satisfaction of thy sence:
 Nay, 'tis no glorie at all, but a disease
 That Canker-like consumes thine Innocence.
 Now God being pleas'd to cure thee thereof
 Doth thus confound it all into a scoffe,

And yet confounds it so, as thou maist see
 His Iustice and his Mercie ioind together,
 Thy yll contrould to future dignitie,
 So dooth the goodnesse of thy cause auerre:
 If God did meane thy eternall infamie,
 Worse passiue cause had foule befall'n thee.

Thou

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

Thou canst not haue a more assured pawning
Of Gods benightie then a good cause,
It being vnto thy soules sacred dawning
Of heauens day; and an especial clause
Or Charter-warrant of Salvation
By a secure Conscience-attestation.

Not all the glorie of this world is worth
The minnim-Emphise of a good Conscience:
The verie penall teares it sendeth forth
Are more then pearles of Indie-excellence:
Much more are they Emperiall dignities
Her inward Ioyes and Iocundities.

Say that the Corpes of such a Conscience
Lie all in mange before the Misers dore,
His name as hell held in the worlds offence,
Yet is he not vnfortunate therefore:
For heauen and he being still in good conjunction
All that's but vapor, and no sound confusion.

Nay t'is to thee a haughtie merit-matter
If brookt with patient valure to the end
Which easely thou maist doe, if thou consider
That Iesus tempts thy patience as a friend,
Not in his rage about thy power and strength,
Whom he reprooues at first, he saues at length.

And sooth to say, what is Prosperitie
 That so should make thes abhor Adversitie
 Euen *Cæsars* loftie pomp, and soueraignie
 Is not by ods sincere felicitie
 Subiect to Care and Alteration
 Through Enuie, Errour, and Adulation.

How much adoe is done ere men attaine
 To wealth and glorie by Ambition
 Still carke and care shares halfe the scruple gaine,
 The rest remaines to Deaths confusion
 Tis well if tart Synderisie and Hell
 Triumver not to towle the passing-bell.

Care in attaining, and care in attaine
 Care is the lower and the vpper itaire:
 Such carefull glorie is but glorious paine,
 Yea care, or care-lesse either, all's but aire
 Feast it in care, or feast it carelesly
 Death is the latter *Harpie* of all glory.

Besides, how many Villaines are aduanc'd
 To such theatricall, and stagic state
 Whilst Vertue lies obliuiously entranc'd,
 Neglected, and disdain'd as out of date
 Besides the multiplicke of abuse
 That is in such mundanities mis-use.

Whereas

919

A FIG FOR FORTVNE: A **17:**

Whereas the patient Scirap in distresse
 Behonesteth his guiltie suffrance:
 And if he suffer for Gods rightcousnesse,
 Loe, there the summe of all true valliance
 Heauens ~~Mattias~~ he is that so downe-did
 Guiltie of all glorie, and Gods deere dainties.

Who heares his name a thousand yeeres hence
 Will giue it glorie, praise, and reuerence
 As to a Temples ruin-Monuments
 Rased in Sacrilege, and Gods offence:
 He will be-villaine those that did the deed
 As Scowndrell-Agents of Hells blacke areed;

We are not borne to Fortunes complements,
 As soueraigne dainties, but as Vertues tooles
 Wherwith to shape vs perfect lineaments
 Of honorable Manhood: And not as Fooles
 To dote vpon the Penfill in our hand
 And not depaire vs like to Gods command.

Vertue's the Ladie of our Humanitie,
 And Fortune but the hand-maid of our merit;
 Now, were it homeliē done to magnifie
 The meane about the name: Twere pettie speir
 To slip our nettes into the Sea for water
 And pardon Fish, as no part of the matter.

F 3

This

This life is but a warfare against fate
 And either Fortune is but fancies Coate-armour,
 Be it bright or blacke, great danger lies therein
 If thou resist not with a haughtie valour
 T'is witlesse yielding in her gawdentons,
 And cowardize vs to her dreamements.

What skill it whether we fight with blacke or white
 If blacke and white be both our enemies,
 The one in guile, th'other in flat despight
 The Goblin-Bugs, and Fancie-Hiedegies
 Are both the snakes of hell, and night-affrayes
 Encounter, not affray quells their dilmayes.

And why are we the image of our God
 The Monarches ouer all Elementaries?
 But to controwll with Reasons righteous rod
 All flesh and bloods fraile sensualities
 T'is sensualitie, and pettie power
 To mal-content thee for a fading flower.

Stand thou on Reasons haughty Promontorie
 Superiour and secure ouer all disgrace,
 Rage wind, and wane, & horror round about thee
 Yet all is glorie and peace in that bright place.
 Nor Death, nor Hell, can damnifie thy honor
 So long as Reasons arme beares vp thy banner.

Oh

Oh generous minded men that can esteeme
 All state inferiour to their mindes degree,
 And not abandon it to base misdeeme
 Of any Fortunes power aboue her glee:
 But can out-flare it with a quaine regard
 In reference to merite, and Gods grand reward.

That can conceipt all Fortune as a Fog
 Bee't black or bright; all but a matter of aire,
 If bright, oh then it doth but flatter and cog,
 If blacke, it drowns thee with a flood of care,
 Vnlesse thy mind be as a Sunne aboue it
 Faire ouer-shining all her mist-demerit.

Faire Fortune is a Bog, a dauncing danger,
 And Temperance must foot it with a modest pace;
 Her frowne, a gulfe that drownes the hardesse stranger
 That cannot wend with Patience his disgrace;
 Both that and it are mortuarie matter
 If fed vpon in Indiscretions platter.

Submit not then thy sacred Substantiue
 To Fortunes hestes: but as thou art of Nature,
 So still continue thy prerogatiue
 Aboue her blandishing and spightfull power,
 So shone i Parrimonie as thy Mind
 Let neuer Fortune wast it out of kind.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

Thou art no part of Fortune, but thine owne;
Vertue thy fore-guide, Heauen thy attaine,
Good death, not losie life thy best Renowne,
Contented mind thy glories after-gaine:
Without content all glorie is but gall,
And with content disgrace is festiuall.

Content's the Spunge of true felicitie,
The Cordiall against degraded blisse,
Corriuall to the highest Empirie,
The badge of Innocence and Righteousnesse,
Vertues enthroned, Rent of a manlie mind
To God for whatsoever state assign'd.

It is the *Phoenix* of fore-glories Embers:
Patience her wing, Heauen is her amount,
It is the *Christopher* whose manly members
Wasteth the miser-man through all affront,
It is the true and perfect *Salamander*,
Breathing vitalitie in flames of fire.

Not so the Skowndrell in his greatest glorie,
For ther is no Content in guilt of euill,
A skowll down-looke, and swart synderisie
Betokening him a member of the Deuill:
He cannot with a faire crested front
Be-*Abba* God: nor yeeld him good accompt.

His

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

His glorie in guilt of yll is as a flower
Begnawne with an accursed Caterpillar,
Or as an Apple perisht in the cource
Though faining outwardlie a faithfull faire
Oh farall incense, oh accursed fume
That so choaks vp the wretch doth it assume.

Wheras the others conscientiaall-content
Doth feast his Fates, and ciuillize their rage,
Turning their gall to glee and solagement
And faire be-heauening hell with her aslwages
Hee's as a Bwoy about the boisterous waue
Dauncing to scorne the Seas ybillowy-braue.

So strong in power is his sincere incline
To Gods ordaine and holie prouidence,
Resting therein as in a sacred shrine
Or Sanctuarie against all hels offences.
The Devils eager-gripe cannot confound
Him whom our Lords protection doth bound.

There is no hell but in our Gods offence:
Please him, and boldlie plunge adowne the deep
Of all accurse: his holy Prouidence
Being the *Argu* which doth neuer sleep,
Will on the wings of life Protection
Still beare the just man vp from all perdition.

What

A FIG FOR FORTVNE,

What hap can hap amisse to Gods behest?
 What waue can surge aboue his providence?
 The *Hagg*es of hell are chain'd to his behest
 Hell gates obey his high omnipotence:
 Diue downe to Hell, if he beare vp thy chin
 We maist thou sink a while, nere drowne therein.

If once thy hope be anchored in God
 No waue, no bluster can endanger thee,
 Thy foot from falling is securely shod
 He corresponding thy fidelitie:
 If God thy Center be and thy defence
 Be Hell, be Daul thy Circumference.

The Tyrants Steele, the Hang-mans Axeltree,
 His strangles, mangles, and his fierie doomes
 Cannot confound true magnanimitie
 Founded on Gods true loue & hollidoomes;
 His life in gore, his Ghost in shades of hell
 Are more at ease than anie tongue can tell.

The earthen minded man cannot conceite
 So haughtie glorie in disglorie and dole:
 His groueling appetite doth so bereaue
 His wit, impelling it to another golt;
 Hee's so besotted in his Leprosie..
 That it alone he esteems true glorie.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

23

But time will come when at a iust Tribunall
The iust mans miserie, and the misers glee
Will come in *Coram*, and bee doom'd for all:
Then mourning good shall mount to Maiestie,
And sin-polluted glorie downe discend
T'irreparable dollour without end.

Then vx to guiltie glorie, glorious guilt,
Vx to suppressle of vertue, aduance of vice;
The Rascalls towre on Vertues ruines built
Must then adowne, and he repent the price:
Oh, farre more happie then disgraced good,
Then Vice aduanc'd to skowndrell altitud.

But thou wilt say it is Detraction,
It is thy name defam'd among the just
Thy life bely'd through misconstruction
That more then all thy glorie in the dust
Be-hels and tortureth thy manly mind,
It being a mischief of a woorter kind;

Bee't so (*Elizian*-man) I doe confesse
Detraction is indeed a monstrous euell,
Foule *Harpie* of honour, Night of righteousness
And the vnciuill tongues most venym-driuell,
Much more I doe confesse it is a spight
To be of honest men a villaine hight,

G

But

43 A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

But on the other side, when thou consider
 The land-blind errors euen of justest men,
 How much from Gods intuitie they differ
 And oft when most they iudge, are most mistaken;
 Dispaire not at their doomes, but in thy hart
 Bleste God who sees thee inly what thou art.

Oft-times the good man credits with his eares
 Not with his eyes: Therhence if injurie
 Redownd to thee; the fault being whollie theirs,
 Farre be it from thy hearts synderisie:
 Yea rather with a bolt-vp countenance
 Giue it the Lie, and hardie sufferance,

Much more the Villaines obloquie disdain it
 As currish crauin against thy Innocence,
 His Viper-language cannot cracke thy credit
 A blush-lesse conscience pleading thy defence;
 His tongue against thy Soules secure estate
 Fares as a reed against a brazen gate,

But if his obloquie be a true Echo
 Of thy mis-gouernance and guilty life,
 Then well I doe aread it is a woe
 Vnto thy honor, and a slaughter-knife;
 Wheras contrarie-wise if thou be sound
 It's but an ayrie, and an idle sound.

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

Faire then aguize thee with a trim transcant
Aboue al flesh and hells indignitie,
Emboist with gentle Patience, and Content
Lamb-like repinelesse at aduersitie,
For, sooth I say, and heauen will witnesse it
The just mans miserie is a haughtie merie,

And first please God in his commandements,
Next, with a true Satrapick-sufferance
Grace me that face of thine, those lineaments
Against Detraction and hells mis-ualiance,
Shew that thou art the image of thy God
In patient portage of his penall rod,

So, nor dispaire, nor yet reuenge thy woe
But with the prudent Serpent in distresse
Safe-garde thy head; let die the rest below:
Thy head in heauen, thy heele in heauinesse
Is merrie matter, if thou well consider
That death rejoynes them both in blesse together!

Hast thou not noted this effect in Nature,
How chill-cold winter calefies the water
Anteperifizing her powers together
Wherby it faire resists her ycle ire?
So, in thy winter of Aduersitie
Createthy selfe a sommer-Iubilie.

G 1

Gind



A FIG FOR FORTVNE

Giue place to furie as the humble Snail
Retreating in his hornes gainst misadventure,
In time all violence will selfe lie quail
If vnprovok'd with currish misdemeanure:
The chillest winter and the darkeſt night
Redound at laſt to Sommer, and broad day-light.

See how the Marigold againſt the Sun
Diſplayes: and ſhuts it ſelfe at his dominion
Leſſening at night her ſpred proportion
But nere diſcoloring her gold-complexion,
So to the ſoueraignie of God aboute
With Fortunes night diminith not thy loue,

But thinke miſfortune is the ſlayle of grace,
The clarifying Fornace of thy ſoule
Wherewith God ſtrips away thy chaſſe-diſgrace
And makes thee pure mettle with ſuch controullie
T'is honorable manhood to obey thy God,
Bec't in his mercie, or his iuſtice-rod.

Wilt thou ſubmit thy mind to Fortunes Impoſtes
Faithleſſe of Gods benignitie and care?
Ah, rather doe diſdaine her bales and boſtes
As Crocadyle-deceipts, and crabbed wares
And to thy God alonely plie thy beſt
For ſuch is pure dutie, and the pure beſt,

A FIG FOR FORTYNEA

So doing, better boones then Fortunes baubles
Will Spaniell-like attend vpon thy merite,
Good death, and after death th'immortables
Of glorie, and fame, and an in-heauened spirit
In euërlasting Iubille and bleſſe
Far more then heart can thinke, or tongue expreſſe.

So ſhalt thou ſwim awy in Verues flood,
A happie burthen to a happy Maire,
Gods flowerie-eterneitie garlanding thy good
And his embrace lullabying all thy paine
Oh, happy thou when ſuch adoption
Shall faire befall thy tribulation.

When all thy Croſſes ſhall appeare in heauen
As euër-memorable Annales of thy merite,
Oras bright Trophæes to thy Vertue geuen
The Saintes of glorie all applauding it
When God with his ſcreneſt countenance
Shall euër bright be-boone thy ſufferance.

Then wilt thou nere repent the of thy woe
But wiſh it had been twentie folde as much
For *Ieſus* ſake, who euë in earth below
Can frolick thy incinder with his tutch
And faire be-heauen thy bones in drearie graue,
About the glorie and caſe that *Cæſars* haue.



A FIG FOR FORT VNE

And sooth to say, wherein hath I suffer'd
 Or not deseru'd such suffrance at thy hands?
 Hath he not alwayes in his life prefer'd
 Disgrace and dole to rid thee out of bands?
 Oh, was not he the man, the Lambe that dy'd
 To shew thee heauen in woe, and not in pride?

He was Almighty to haue ou'd his head
 If he had pleas'd; But for a president
 Of passiue Fortitude, and Lamblike head
 He condescended vnto woe and torment,
 And did erect the Crosse a capitall
 Ensigne of honour, and renowne to all.

And since, what Saint did euer amount to blesse
 That hath not more or lesse been crucifi'd?
 Either with selfe zeale-dooome, or by oppresse
 Of tyrannie by villaines hands inflicted?
 The seed that must to flowery growth redound
 Must first lie dead, and withered in the ground.

Besides; oh what a monstrous thing it is
 To liue delitious vnder a thorney head;
 Thy God to daigne to die for thy amisse
 And thou repine to be dishonored
 For Vertues sake; Oh fond ingratitude
 So to permit thy Sence thy Soule delude.

If so the flesh, the world, the devill could doe
 More spight vnto thy state then God can quayle,
 Or that his grace could not transcend thy woes,
 Be-cheering it with happie countenayle,
 Then might'st thou with a full repine desire
 To be by any fate of flesh oppress.

But God both can and will relieue his Plaintife
 That doth with iust petitions inuoke him,
 Selfe-loueleffe and repineleffe at the griefe
 That from his soveraigne doome betides him,
 The louing mothers teat is not so prone
 Vnto her Babe, as Christ to his deere one.

So shew'd his *Pelican*-content to die
 To giue thee life, the gore adowne his breast,
 To wash away thy sin-impuritie,
 His dolour was thy euermlasting rest,
 His bitter wounds the euer open gates
 Of grace, and glorie to thy rankest fates.

Loe, he thy paines-apprese, true charter-warrant
 Of glorie after gall: The bonnie bright
 Whose crimson rayes can faire propulse and daunt
 The dreadest Goblin of thy darkest night,
 Be thou the man of duty to thy dole,
 The rest let him alone for to controule.

Inshrine

Inshrine thy Patience in his Palsion
 Thy Hope, thy Constance in his after-boones
 To his entire irradiation
 Submit thy night-shades and decreased Moones,
 He is the Sonne of Right, and will appay
 All vertues anguor with a Hollic-day.

Behold his image yonder on the Crosse,
 See how he droops and dies and damnes Reuenge
 Yelding his whole humanity in grosse
 A pendular reproch on wooden henge:
 Yea euen his Deitie he doth deject
 Vnto a soeruing shadowed defect,

Be not a beast of desperation,
 A moodie torment, traitor to thy selfe,
 Tis grosse conceipt and imperfection
 To ground thy Barke vpon thy owne shores shelve:
 Suffice it this extrinsecall aggriefe
 Abound, ~~say~~ that thou giue it home-reliefe,

Thinkethat thy finnes are greater then thy woe,
 Thy worldly grieues but Graces happy rescue
 From greater helles that to thy soule doe growe
 Or haply to enforce to manly vertue
 Thy youngling hestet of grace: or to containe
 Thy present good from proouing after vaine,

Time

Time

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

79

Time and thy graue did first salute thy Nature
Euen in her infancie and cradle-Rights
Inuiting it to dustie Deaths defeature,
And therewithall thy Fortunes fierce despights:
Death is the gulfe of all: and then I say
Thou art as good as *Cæsar* in his clay.

Death is the drearie Dad, and dust the Dame
Of all flesh-frailtie, woe or maiestie,
All sinkes to earth that surgeth from the same,
Nature and Fortune must together die:
Only faire Vertue skales eternitie
Aboue Earths all-abating tyrannie.

Read in my front the ruine of my nature
And therewithall perpend thy miseries,
I doe confesse I were a curled creature
Were not Gods grace aboue m' infirmities,
So, thou in Faith to after-retribution
Aswage thy woe and tribulation.

Die in thy Sauours wounds, and there an end,
There pricke the Period of thy moody wander,
To him thy woe, and the reuenge commend
As to thy soueraigne Liege and high commander,
And thinke no errour whispereth in thine care
For what I say is true, and that I swear,

H

So

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

So said: the teares of zeale trill'd downe his cheeks
 Attesting truth vnto his Catechisme,
 When (loe) ch'loons vnto the Crucifixe
 Crooching adowne, he said: Oh sacred Chrisme,
 Oh sweet asswage of infelicitie
 Witnesse that what I say is veritie.

Say, art not thou the image of our Lord
 The true Character of his sufferance?
 Was he not crown'd, deluded, and abhord
 Misuail'd, and scourg'd with vile mis-valiance?
 Oh, was not he the holic Paschall-lambe
 That di'd repinelesse for the finnes of man?

Sweet (*Iesu*) giue me leaue to kisse thy figure
 With thankfull zeale to thy benignitie,
 And let me pray thee by so great disfigure
 T'inspire this man of woe thy p'siue-glorie:
 That not all like a beast hee droop and die
 Heart-lesse and impious in his miserie.

Defend thy image from so black a blurre
 With thy in-shine; Let not temptation foyle
 So much thy P'sions price all like a Curre,
 But as thou art a President of toyle
 To after-glorie; so let thy grace fore-goe
 And faire accompanie this man of woe.

With

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

31

Without thy grace my speech is all but aire
And barraine Marle; it batteneth not the ground:
It is thy grace that soysometh all affaire
That holie grace that floweth from thy wound;
I speak in flesh, inuested in my bryen
There is no flame at all but from thy fire.

Make it appeare how good a God thou art
And how thy woundes were not in vaine inflicted,
What Nature cannot doe, let Grace impart
To strengthen and inhearten the afflicted,
Shew that thy mercie is aboue the bound
Of Fortunes topsie-turue to confound.

Let not the fancies of a losie stile
And vaine mundanitie transport thy creature
As though alonlie Fortunes lowre or smile
Were soueraigne Glories gift and dread defeature,
As though thy power were worne out of date
And could no longer signiorize our fate.

Disperse the terrors of his moodie night
That he may see thy shone *Hierusalem*
And in this holie *Cittie Stars* light
Abide, and faithfullie beleue this Theame
Happie they all that suffer for our Lord,
For he to such his heauen will afford,

H

W

With that he kist the Crucifixe againe
 And with a strict imbrace therof he sounded;
 His Ghost amounted vp to heauens domaine,
 His corps lay trunke-like seeming dead confounded;
 Whiles I meane while internallie iniered
 Did feele the woonders of Gods grace inspired.

Then gan I credi: *Catechrysin*
 And hatefullie abhor my former mood,
 Base Melancholie, black and impious
 That so distrayd me from eternall good:
 My heart exulted, and in zeale I swore,
 Now by our Lord, Ile be a beast no more.

I will no longer grudge at vertues toyle,
 But gladly will be crucifi'd with *Iesu*;
 No yron-fate shall heerafter soyle
 My constancie vnto the Christ-crosse rew:
 I will accompr all dollour and mishap
 More deere then sweetest Lullaby in Fortunes lap.

No longer will I wander vp and downe
 The desert of Reuenge, and dread Dispaire,
 But heer will stint me against mis-fortunes frowne
 A land-man of this soyle and happy aire:
 From hence I will reuiue to pristin blesse
 Or els die heer with *Iesu* in distresse.

No sooner said I so, and gaue consent
 To Graces in-come, and our Lords attaint;
 But (lo) cftsoons from heauens high regiment
 Musicke resounded, and appeald my plaint.

It was so sweet about my feeble frayltie
 That downe I fell as one content to die.

Dying in so sweet sollace and in-heauen
 I was no more the man of earthly nature,
 Gods Graces holic rellish, and sweet leauen
 Had altered my flesh to a new transfigure:
 Figure of zeale to be in *Iesus* armes,
 Condition to endure ten thousand harmes.

But God who saw & wrought this alteration,
 Faire interdicted Death his date-most deed,
 And sent an Angell from his holic region
 To cheere my frailty vp to future speed:
 Whome when I saw and smelt his heauenly hue,
 It did cftsoons my death to life reue.

He then out-stepping from his siluer-cloud
 Made toward me with a reuerend peacefull pace,
 And as he march'd euer and anon he bow'd
 Vnto the Crucifixe was there in place,
 Whereto at last downe humbled, he kist it,
 And gaue it me in hand, and thus in specht it.

H3

Hold

Hold heer (*Elizian-man*) thy Sauours image
 The typick Trophee of thy soules redeeme,
 Be it thy lifes eternall Appennage
 Thy hearts deere daintie, and thy choice-esteeme;
 Inconscience it within thy in-mott hest
 For *In hoc signo vinces* is exprest.

Be it thy Standard against all affrout,
 Vnder her shade tire out Mis-fortunes weather,
 Be true to it, and make a sure account
 Heauen is thine owne as sure as God liues euer:
 God liues for euer to protect and pay
 His Champion with a ioy-eternall day.

And hether I come, sent from his Tabernacle
 To certifie so much to thy poor frailtie,
 And heer haue brought thee heauen-inchanted tackle
 To warfare flesh and bloods calamitie:
 Loe I thy Angell of protection
 Against whatsoere soule and sell affection.

With that he arm'd my Head with Reasons Helme,
 The Crest was Vigilance; the Plumes were twaine
 Temprance against faire Fortunes ouerwhelme,
 And Patience against her angrie vaine:
 The Gorget was Content, and either Pouldron
 Was humble Prayer and Meditation.

The Corſlet, it was Zeale of Gods true honour,
 The Back peece, Hope to after- retribution,
 The Gaſtletts, rackles to Charities endeuour,
 The Vant-braces, Faiths decke and decoration,
 The Martch, he did injoyne was Penitence,
 The Combate, Courage againſt all finnes offence.

Then gaue he me in hand a Shield of Golde
 All ouer-grauen with Chriſtes Paſſion,
 And round about in-amill'd I might behold
 Death-heads, and latter Reſurrection
 To heauen or hell: The Croſſe in th'other hand
 Was all my Spear againſt whatſoeuer withſtand.

Thus arm'd; the Angell bright againe in-clouded
 Vpbounded from mine eye toward heauen away
 Leauing the place with ſpiced ſweetes ſuffuſed
 And all beſtrew'd with Crownes and wreathes of Bay,
 Spelles and demonſtrances of future glorie
 To well atchiued warre and victorie.

I then there all alone vn-Angelled,
 Began to view and glee me in mine Armes
 Woondring to ſee me ſo be-Championed
 Againſt th' assaults of ſin & Fortunes harmes:
 And thus I ſaid: Oh ſhine *Hieruſalem*
 What woonders are in thee to well-fare men,

I blesse the God and Spirit of thy bounds,
 I blesse thy Concord, and thy Monarchie,
 I blesse the streams that trill from *Iesus* wounds
 Into thy seuen-fold Cesternes; and from thee
 Are vitally imparted vnto all
 That liue within thy Rampier and thy wall.

Loe, I with Graces furniture faire arm'd
 Within thy confines, humbly beseech thee
 Admit my Souldiour-ship as yet vnarm'd
 With any aduerse warres, into thy cittie:
 And daigne me there a stand against all euill,
 The flesh, the world, and fierce insulting deuill.

In thee I see how much I went amisse
 Ranging the desert of mundanitie,
 And in thy wisdom now I learne this
 That not in Fortunes false malignitie
 But in sinnes guilt, and grimme captiuitie
 Is only wracke, and blacke calamitie.

I see my misse in thy faire Phisnomie,
 My way-lesse errours in thy vnitie,
 I feele the ardure of true Chiuallrie
 Inspir'd in me from thy Nobility:
 Heere liue I then the remnant of my age
 Vnder thy haughty woorth and Patronage.

So said; a siluer bell from high resounded
 Sommoning that Region round about to sacring,
 When (loe) cftsoons *Catechrysm* vn-swounded
 His soules returne did giue him new reuiuing,
 Oh sacred sommon, sweet enchanting peale
 That so from heauen to earth couldst soules repeale.

His face like *Phœbus* in his Noony-shine
 Daunted my feeble eye at prime aspect,
 His soules regresse had made it so diuine,
 Bebrightning cleane away all fraile defect,
 As had not zeale inheartened my frayltie,
 I had not had the power t'abide such glorie.

He then vp-rising toward me aduanced
 And kist the Crucifix I had in hand,
 So done; he said: Sweet *Iesus* be thou thanked
 That hast vouchsau'd my prayer to vnderstand;
 Confirme him in thy grace for now and euer
 That from thy loue and laud he varie neuer.

With that he imbrac'd me with a frount of glee
 And call'd me brother, and Coparcener
 Of *Christs* Domaine, and therewithall he gaue me
 A golden ring; the poeſie was *Perſeuer*:
 So, forth we went vnto the Temple-ward
 Twas sacring time, and musick much we heard.

I

Along

38 A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

Along as vp the Rocke we footed it
 He did congratulate my shone in-armor
 And did expound vnto me euery whit
 How I might vse it to Gods greatest honor
 And then concluded: O *Elizian*
 See what it is to be a Christian,

Wouldst thou haue thought in thy mundanie
 That euer Fortunes heel had had the might
 To spurne th' away to such an after-glorie?
 Or that thy sorie iourneyment all night
 Would euer haue brought thee to sweet repose
 As now thou feelest farre about thy woes?

The ball out-banded from the court of game,
 Fals not of force into the durtie kennell,
 But marke, and often shalt thou see the same
 Flie in at Pallace-windowes, and there reuell
 Vpon the royall Mattes, and rich embroader;
 Such grace of God hath blowne thy frailtie hether.

Not all the flush of thy fore-frollicke state,
 The worship of thy birth, thy rich reueneue,
 Thy countries high applaud and estimate
 And all that faire *Elyzium* can yeeld youe,
 Is of the worth to countervayle thys hap
 Fallen from faire Fortune into Graces lap.

Say

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

Say that *Eliza* is the Lords deere daintie,
The *Phoenix* of true *Principalitie*
The feast of peace and sweet saturitie
Vnto the people of her *Emperie*;
Say that she is both Grace and Natures none-such
I bend my knee; and say and thinke as much.

For I haue heard the woonders of her name
Our coast is full of great *Elizabeth*,
Yea, all the world is fertill of the same;
Sweet Name that all mens tongues and pennes inableth,
Sweet Sound that all mens senses lullabieth,
Sweet Marie that all the world imbatteneth.

But such her glories are but eare-delightes
And lip-sweets only to our far awayes,
For we are no *Elizium*-bred wightes
Nor haue we any such like merrie dayes;
Wee haue our joyes in another kind
Ghostly innated in our soule and mind,

Whom angour of mishap or guilt of ill
Driues to dispaire, and selfe middoomfull deed,
Loe, heer th'vnfraught of his woe-loaden will
And reuerend riches to his ghostly need;
Loe, heer the Arke against the inundation
Of Sinne and Fortunes funerall-temptation.

66 A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

Heer (loe) the amitie of men and Angels
 In vniforme adore of one true God,
 Heer Peace and Pietie together dwels,
 Heer Scisme, and Discords clouen-foot nere trod,
 Heer sacred Ceremonies are in vre
 As wedlocke-rightes twixt Faith and Soules insure,

Heer chantes the Nightingale incessant praise
 And prayer vnto the Orient some of God,
 Heer Grace our vncouth Adamisme allayes
 Stepping her golden foot wher guilt erst trod,
 Heer Sacrifice and Sacrificer both
 Gods blesse and good acceptance still fore-goeth.

Hewould haue told me more to this pourport,
 But that his vp-hill pace out-tyr'd his speech
 And now were also neer the Temple port
 Where euerie sight I saw was so heauenly rich
 As had he vttered more mine eyes delight
 Had quite vndone mine eares to doe him right.

Ah, now I want the Muse of *Salomon*
 To tell you a Temple-tale, a tale of truth
 All of the Architect and frame of *Sion*:
 To tell you of her age and of her youth
 And of her reuerend raigne and regiment
 And how *Dabla* rues her high atchiuement.

The

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

The grownd was Faith; the meane worke Charitie
The Top, a Hopefull apprehension
Of heauens attaine: All was of Vnitie
A sollid mettle heawn out of Christ his Palsion:
Yea Christ himselfe was fundamentall stone,
And all the Sowder was Deuotion.

There shin'd the Rubie and the Chrysolite
The sparkling Diamond, and the Emeraud greene,
Each Saphyre in their seuerall delight:
There was the happie Iacent to be scene
The Topasie, Onyx, and many a faire gem,
Corrall, Amber, and Aggats were trash among the.

Which such bright rough-cast ouer all incrusted
T'was heauen to see what Rain-bowe rayes it yeelded
Whiles euerie gem ambitiously contended
T'out-stare each others starry neighbourhed:
It was ynough t'illumine all the world
But for the mysts that false *Dobleffa* hurld.

Roses and flowers of all cullored kindes,
The Marie-bush and pleasant Eglantine
The Honey-suckle in her twisted twines
Immixt with Yuie, and the Grape-full Vine,
Did all growe vp that starrie spanglement
Spousing her splendure with their spiced sent.

Below these heauen-amounting swauities
 Grew ouer all the Temple-greene beside
 Sweet Gilliflowers and Primroses
 The Pink, and Gerisole (the Suns deer brides)
 The Molie, Violet, and the pleasant Daffie
 Balme, Margerum, and sweet Coast-marie.

There grew the loftie Cedar, and the Pine,
 The peacefull Oliffe, and the martiall Firre
 The verdant Laurell in her shadie shine,
 The patient Palme, and penitentiall Mirrhe:
 The Elme, the Poplar, and the Cipresse tree
 And all trees els that pleasant are to see,

All kinds of fruits were there perpetuall
 The Date, the Almond, & the saucful Citron,
 The Fig, the Orange, and Pomgranet royall,
 The Quince, the Abricock, and the musk-Mellon
 The Plumme, the Cherie, and the pleasant Peare
 The Filberd and the Mulberie grew there.

Amid these trees, these fruites, these flowerie sweetes
 Ran in a Maze-like wile a chrystall streame
 Of heauenly Nectar; in whose sweet floods and fleets
 Swom shoales of fishes, euerie fishes gleame
 Brighter then *Tyrus* in his Southerne stage:
 This streame was strong against prime guiltes enrage.
 Her

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

431

59

Her silent murmur was so muscall
As it dissolu'd the Rock to sand and grauell
Whereby it might more in especiall
With multiplictie of eares in cell
Her musick-sweets: yea euen the earth belowe
Did open, and eruct her bowels therto.

There sate the Maui and the Nightringale
Carrolling their Layes vnto th' eternall spring
The little Larke high houerling ouer all:
There every bird did either play or sing,
The Parrat for his plumes did most excell
But Phœnix bare away the triumph-bell.

There was no sauage shape, no Lurall hue
No Bug, no bale, nor horrid Owlerie
But all that there was, was sincere and true,
Her sweets, her spendure, & her musick-glee;
Yea euen the Angels of Diuinitie
Were of that league, and Confraternitie

Whiles thus with sacred follace I furusyd
The Temples outward majestic, and heauen,
So long on that imparadize I stayd
That now the Temple-clocke did strike eleuen
It was the instant time of high Oblation
We might no longer linger, but begon.

Et soon

Eftsoons we did so peacefullie aduance
 That to the Temple-dore we straight arriu'd,
 Ore which was grauen, *Vna, Milians*
 Astile from Vnitie, and Warre deriu'd;
 The gate was all of pure beaten golde,
 The Portch a sunnie Zodiacke to behold.

Then in we entred, (oh, we entred in)
 Please God I neuer may come toorth againe:
 What saw I there? Oh my eyes were dimme
 My soule, my substance all was poore, and vaine
 To comprehend so high magnificence;
 Yet what I can I will you it dispence.

I Spanield after *Catechrysius* foot
 A happie shaddow to good a substance:
 All like a flower as yet but in thee root
 Tending to future growth, and shone aduance:
 The Temple-porter was a reuerend man
 And was t'admit in no *Elitiam*.

Then ask'd he *Catechrysius* who I was
 Who answered a *Catechumen* hee,
 With that he greeted me, and let me passe,
 Such was my entrie to felicitie:
 The Temple gates were fower and this was it
 Which none but *Europe*-spirits might admit.

There

42
A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

There on my knees my heart was full of fire,
Fire of the grace of God (deere grace of God)
Which strong bemettled my zeales aspire
To view the glorie of that shone abod:
It was a Pigion from the Temple-top
Which all that frame, and glorie did vp prop:

A Pigeon whiter then the whitest Pigion
Solie substant of his owne pure *Esse*,
His *Posse* was Sanctification,
And Graces bounteous liberalitie;
What *Iesus* erst had planted with his blood
This Pigion gaue it grace-full liuelihood.

The beames which issued from his brightsome brist
Were such as none but *Sion* euer saw
Nor euer could *Doblessas* dreary mist
Indarken, or resemble, or withdraw;
Loue, Peace, and Magnanimity in good
Patience, and Prudence aboue all flesh and blood.

Iustice, and Temperance, and Benignitie,
Zeale, and internall Consolation,
Pittie, and hopefull Longanimitie,
Obedience, and brotherly Correction,
Deuotion, and Mortification
And firme affiance in our Lords Salvation.

K

Such

Such were the Pigeons rayes from Temple-top
 Which like a heauen of light illumin'd all,
 It being therto a more secure vpprop
 Then any lime and stone, or brazen wall:
 Oh *Sion*, *Sion* happie Cittie thou
 So holie-ghosted against all overthrow.

Then looking downe vnto the residue
 I might discerne a reuerend ministerie
 Of men and Angels chanting vnto *Iesu*
 Incessant Hymnes of praise and Iubilie;
 The high Sacrificator at the *Altar*
 Victiming with holie rites his makar.

What shall I say of all the maiestie
 Of all the reuerend rites and ceremonies
 The rich adorne, the heauenly melodie,
 The luster, and the precious swauities
 That there I saw, felt, heard, and vnderstood?
 Oh, they transcended farr poore flesh and blood.

For, what the goodnesse and the power of God
 In their immensitie could jointlie doe
 Was there in force *sans* bound or period,
 His grace and glory both did tend therto:
 The meanest obiect there vnto my sence
 Was more then all the worlds magnificence.

There

A FIG FOR FORTVNE.

There saw I sacred imposition
 Offhands; and grace abundantly imparted,
 Chrisme, and aurentique Sanctification
 And Exorcisme of such as were possessed:
 Their credence and their language was alike
 All *Babel*-Biblers they did dead dislike.

There was no scrambling for the Ghospels bread
 But what a publike Vnitie diliured
 The same a prompt Credulitie receiued;
 Their humbleness was so beholie-ghosted
 As Pride had not the power to entice
 The wisest of them all to a new deuce.

Casting my eye aside, I might discerie
 Selected troopes of people from the rest
 Dooming themselves with great austeritie
 Both men and wogen in discollored vest;
 They were the people of vowes, and high aspire
 Endu'd with Graces more especiall fire.

On no hand could I cast my liquorish eie
 From heauenlie miracles and mysteries;
 Some school'd their Pupils fraile infirmitie
 Dispensing them Gods sacramentall graces,
 Some rais'd the dead, and some expulst the deuill,
 Yet nought could make *Doblesta* see her euill.

K a

How

How manie Sionits of choise esteeme
 Braue men of woonders haue becne sent from thence
 To teach *Dobleſſa* (Errors dreary Queene)
 Their Temples ſanctimonie and innocence?
 How many worthies haue diſpenſt their blood
 To doe th'vnrind *Dobleſſa* ſo much good,

But ſhe, oh ſhe accurſed Sorcererſſe
 Would neuer yet belecue, nor gree their grace
 But ſtill perſiſteth in her wretchedneſſe
 Warſaring with bloody broile this happy place,
 Yea, had ſhe might according to her malice
Sion had been a ruine long ere this.

She was a Witch, and Queen of all the Deſert
 From *Pabell*-mount vnto the pit of Hell,
 She forc'd nor God, nor any good deſert,
 She could doe any thing ſaue doing well:
 Her law was Libertie, her luſt was Pride
 And all good awe and order ſhe deſi'd.

Erſt ere this Temple was eſtabliſhed
 She had no being at all aboue the earth
 But euer lay in deepeſt hell abyſſed;
 Why did not God contound her in her birth?
 Oh, 't was becauſe his Temple might attaine
 Through her aſſaults to be more ſoueraigne.

Gods

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

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Gods Lambe was now both bred and dead out-righte
To ransome all the world from sinnes inthrall,
And to secure it in more happie plight
Had built this Sanctuarie sacramentall.

It shin'd so shone vnto Gentilitie
That it began to see, and gree her glorie.

And as the merrie riuer to the Maine
Or the in-ayred stone downe to his Center
Fleets and descends as to their due domaine,
So it to *Sion* confluently bent her:

Yea, had this hag not been so timely bred
The world had all ere this been Sioned.

For she could quaintly maske in *Sions* guise
And sucke out venym from the Flower of life,
And so retayle it with her subtilties
For purest honey: Such was her deed of strife;
Her woluish nature in a lamblie hue
Shee could disguise, and seeme of *Sions* crue.

Like Ensignes she oppos'd to *Sions* Ensignes,
Like her pretence of grace, and Gods high honor,
Like Grapes she did contend grew vp her Vines,
And as good Gold as *Sions* seem'd her Coppor;
It was but seeming so, not so indeed,
Her seeming-flower was a very weed.

K 3

For

For why, the spirit which she did pretend
 Was not autentique from the holy Ghost,
 On no authority she did depend
 Nor had she certaine being in any coast;
 Her owne behest she did Idolatrize,
 And *Hydra*-like remu'd her Fallacies.

She had no Altar, nor no Sacrament
 No Ceremonie, nor Oblation,
 Her schoole was Cauill, & truthlesse babblement
 Riot her Raigne, her end damnation;
 This was the haggard whore of *Babylon*
 Whose cup inuenum'd all that drunke thereon,

And this was she which now this holie-day
 Whiles all the Temple was in deep deuotions
 And high adore of Christs natiuity
 Came with her barbarous Babellonians
 To bid it battell, and assault the place;
 But (oh the foole) she came against Gods grace.

She came with peace-full Oliffe in her hand
 Pretending mutuall honor of that feast:
 And all her rabble-rout she did command
 As much in outward sayning to protest,
 But vnderneath their plausible attire
 They all bare balles of venym and wild-fire,

She

She was more craftie then Gentilitie
Which thought of yore with massacre to quell
The propagation of Sionrie:
For well she wist that *Sion* was as a bell
And Persecution but as a clapper
That made her siluer-sound more far to scatter.

shee therefore to beguile with friendlie seeming
Came thus addrest; and priuily intempled
Her speciall *Bons-forts* to prepare her coming
With seeds and weeds of jealousie and falshed:
Meane while she stood without the Temple gate
Protesting zeale and dutie to her state.

But God whose spirit euer *Ayus*-ey'd
The weale of *Sion* as th'apple of his eye,
Saw from his high enthroned, and did deride
The Harlots complot; and did by and by
Inspire his Templers pregnant jealousie
And valure against her sic hostilitie.

Esfs might you heare a battle-bell peale out
Religious Larums ouer all the Region
And see a solempne confluence about
The high Sacrificators holie Oblations:
Each one was on his knees for Confirmation
In grace against so vile prevarication.

Amongst

Amongst the rest was I a *Catechumen*
 As yet vngrac'd with his alhallowed hand,
 Vntill such time as *Catechrysius* then
 Presented me, and gaue him t'vnderstand
 My Name, my Nation, and Conuersion
 And how I crau'd to be a man of *Sion*.

Then tooke he mee by the hand, and did applaud
 Such my *Primitiue* toward so high resolute,
 Blessing my on-gate from *Dobleffus* fraud
 And sanctifying me with a holie salue;
 He wept for joy that an *Elizian*
 Would come to be of his Metropolitan.

And for he saw me absolutely arm'd
 Alreadie to the warres; he said no more
 But only blest me, and with his breath becharm'd
 My Constancie against the *Babell*-whore:
 And for I was an *Englishe*-Ilander
 He prickt me downe vnder *Saint Georges* banner.

Then *Catechrysius* tooke me by the hand
 And led me to my Cullors; and as we went
 He briefly told me and gaue me t'vnderstand
 How all *Dobleffus* dorrs I might preuent,
 And then concluded, Oh, that *Eliza* were
 A *Sionite* to day to see this geere.

By this *Dobleſſa* ſeeing all her guile
 Detected and Alarum'd ouer all,
 Was in a pelting chafe, and gan reuile
 The name of *Sion*, and to ſcale the wall:
 Loc, thus began the holie warres of *Sion*
 Againſt the rampant Hagg and whoore of *Babylon*.

Then might you ſee whole Legions of Angels
 Diſcend adowne in amitie of warre
 To *Sion*, againſt *Dobleſſa* and her deuils:
 The warre was like as when proud *Lucifer*
 Tumulting all the Court of heauen was throwne
 He, and his complices to hell adowne,

Eſt ſoones the high Sacrificator ſeeing
 The vp-ſhot brunt of all *Dobleſſas* broyle
 Came perſonally himſelfe vnto the bickering
 To cheere his men of warre in all their toyle:
 And thus beſpake them from the holie Tower,
 His ſpeech and geſt was full of grace and power.

Oh men of *Sion*, happy Machabies,
 Whom Temples honor in your ſoules ingrafted
 Highlie demeanes to Gods benignities;
 Diſmay not at the number of the dead
 But thinking who he is for whom you fight
 Redouble your prowefſe, and your manly might.

L

You

You combat for the high *Hiernsalem*
 A region of Peace and Immortalitie
 Fore-spell'd, and promist only vnto them
 That straine in her behalfe their vp-shot constancie
 Nor feare yee any woundes or any dying
 So good a death tends to a better reuiuing.

See, how confusedly *Doblesse* fightes
 Without all discipline or good array,
 Her Camp abandon'd to intestine spightes
 And euerie one contending to beare sway;
 Their owne disorder will confound their power
 The frame of Discord dures not an hower.

On then like gallants of the holy-Ghost
 Fighting in Vnity, and for a Crowne
 Against a rascall and tumultuous Host:
 Nere let the strumpet pull the Temple downe;
 No, neuer shall the strumpet pull it downe
 For God is God, and it is all his owne.

Rememorate the glorie of her Age,
 And of her Raigne, and of her pristin Warres
 How often hath she quell'd *Doblesse* rage
 Attempting to assaile her holy Rampiars?
 Hath she not been a Nurse vnto yee all
 A Shelter, and a feast most festiuall?

Befides

Besides, hath God not promised of yore
 That hell shall nere preuaile against her gates?
 And hath not he vouchsa'd to die therefore
 Establishing her glorie against all Fates?
 Yea, is not he her fundamentall stone
 Her daylie Sacrifice and high Oblation?

What will ye more? Oh Sionites no more,
 But to your tacklings stand like men of honor
 Like men of *Sion*, one to twentie score
 Such *Babel*-hildings; mortifie their rancor
 With constant and imperious resistance,
 God and his Angels are in your assistance.

So said, he blest them, and dismiss them all;
 Who straight in troops vnto the Rampiers ran
 And happie he could get vpon the wall:
 There then a second skirmish fresh began,
Deblessa still persisting in th' assault
 And *Sion* fierce supplying all default.

It was a heauen to see the good array
 And vnitie of *Sion* in this conflict,
 How euerie one was willing to obey
 His Officers encharge though nere so strict,
 The holy-Ghost was in and ouer all
 Cheering their combate with his cordiall,

74 A FIG FOR FORTVNE,

Meane while the high Sacrificator, he
 Attended to the Temples Sacrifice
 Offering it vp for peace and victorie,
 He chanted *Hymnes*, and *Laudes*, and *Letanies*,
 And in Pontificall Procelſion
 He and his Clergie made their interceſſion.

Some in their ſtudies commented the Text
 Conſerring place with place, and with traditions
 Ov'ring the fraud wherewith *Dobleſſa* vext
 Their Goſpels peace; ſome others in her ſtattons
 Boldlie aduentured their lives to tell
 The Babelionians of all her hell,

Some they perſwaded, thoſe were verie few
 And of thok ſew not one of ten perſiſted,
 But ſtill as feare and fraud their frailties drew
 They ſtarted backe againe like men agaſted:
 Oh, what it is to be too ſecular,
 It was ſelfe-loue that all their weale did marre.

And of ſuch braue aduenturous Sionites
 As *Dobleſſa* could by hooke or crooke intrap
 They di'd the death, and ſuffred all the ſpights
 That rage and rascal wit could jointly rap,
 Subject they were to dreadfull perſecution
 By publick edict, and falſe brethrens treaſon.

What

What sacring, and what sacramenting was
 In *Sion* all this while for *Sions* sake
 Was more then all the strength of stone and brasie
 In her defence; God not in enmitie
 But for her greater glories sake permitting
Dobleffa thus to bid it bale and bickring,

Contrarie-wise, *Dobleffa* ru'd the fate
 Of her attempt; her mood began to quaille,
 For God now seeing the prefixed date
 Of *Sions* patience in her last auayle
 Did on the suddaine so enlarge his grace
 That th' whoore retir'd, and gaue backe apace.

And then to shew her latest trumperie
 (Now that our Lords permission faild her powre)
 She gan with Magicke-spels and sorcerie
 Faire Virgin-like to falsifie her figure,
 Therby to seeme as gracious as she could
 To *Sions* eie; such was her guize ofould.

But when she saw that all her fallaces
 And fierce assaults to *Sion* were in vaine,
 And feeling now withall Gods heauie furies
 Showre down vpon her like a floud of raine,
 Shee could no longer bide the brunt of *Sion*
 But backe she reel'd to hell and *Babylon*.

And fearing least her daunted enterprize
 Might haplie alien her peoples hearts
 From her obeyfance: She so bewitcht their eies
 With mystes of falsed glory, and high deserts,
 That they besotted in their disaster
 Betooke them to their heeles, and fled with her.

And as they fled, Oh, marke their vanitie,
 • They did so cranin-cockadoodle it
 As though they had run away victorie
 And left faire *Sion* in her dying fir,
 Such hoopes, such clangor, and such symphonie
 And all was but *Dobles* pollicie.

She nussed them in so proud Peacockrie
 To th'end they might not see their damned state,
 But still perseuer as the Bumble-Bee
 Repine-lesse in their dung, and desperate:
 Oh, cursed and vnkind captiuitie
 To be so willing drudge to Falsitie.

Yet some whome *Sions* more especiall beame
 Had bright appaid to see her dignitie
 Fled from the witch, as wak'd from out a dreame
 Of Faery, and Chimericall Imagerie,
 Such *Sion* intromitted in her gate
 Applauding them with deere congratulate.

Contrary:

Contrarie-wise whatsoeuer Sionite
Doblessa could with flight or fight enthrall
 She led away into eternall night
 Blind-folding their eyes to make them fall
 Into a thousand helles and offendickles,
 Thrice fatall lapse from Grace into such pickles.

Nor was the holie Temple thus acquitted
 For euer after from her hostill trouble
 But still as *Hydra*-like she had renewed
 One head vpon the others stump and stubble
 she came againe, and made a braggard-show,
 But still she bare away the Palsie-blow.

Such being the ancient league of God to *Sion*
 Necessitating her Peace to such temptation
 And yet withall protesting his protection
 Therto: against all hell and *Babylon*:
 What greater safetie then so good assurance?
 The word of God is of eternall durance.

Thus *Sion* triumpht ouer moode and tumult
 Cabaging her Peace in perfect vnitie
 Against whatsoeuer future-Scismes insult:
 And seeing now no more hostilitie
 But all the Region cleere: She fell arising
Doblessas spoyles, the Honors of her fighting.

And

And in her warlike wardrop there she plast them
 Amongst a world of former pillages
 And spoyles of *Babel*: high *Hierusalem*
 susterlie applauding such her victories,
 And thinking long the day to honor her
 With her embrace, and cuerlasting cheere.

Then (to conclude) the high Sacrificator
 Came forth in place, and blest the Combatants;
 Bidling them giue to God th' eternall honor
 Of so high hap: And therupon he descants
 A large discourse of Gods protect ion
 How prompt he alwayes was to succour *Sion*.

So done: he efts dismiss the multitude
 T attend vnto the buriall of their brethren
 Whom *Sions* honor had that day endu'd
 With zeale to die for her like valiant men;
 Their graues resented Immortalitie
 Sweeter then all the sents of *Arabie*.

And for it was a speciall victorie
 Atchiu'd euen on the very walles of *Sion*;
 There was proclaim'd a generall Iubilie
 To be sollemniz'd throughout all the region
 The Octaue after: in feast-full reference
 And thanks to God for such his high defence.

A .FIG FOR FORTVNE

In which meane while the holie Sacrificer
 Progressing the Prouince, visited his flocke
 And with his pastorall care, and Crozier
 Our-weeded and retrenched from the stocke
 Whatsoeuer vnyum weed, or gtaft of Error
 Deblessa had sowne, or set with guile, or terror:

Namelies he did especially dispose
 To carefull cure the wownded Combatantes;
 And such as brunt of warre had slaine; all those
 H' Incallendred to Fames remembrance:
 Lastly, he did repaite and fortifie
 Each ruine against all future enemie.

By this the Octau-day of victorie
 Was come; when the Temples siluer belles
 Selfely out-pealed to festiuitie;
 Then might you see both Sionits and Angels
 Troop to the Temple-ward like swarmes of Bees
 And hand in hand downe falling on their kneet,

You may imagine, nor you are to fraile
 To comprehend so high magnificence;
 There sawe I heauen and earth in ioynt-chayle
 Homaging to Gods beneuolence
 A world of praise and *Allshouts*
 Hallowing the aire with so thankfull phrase:

I saw the high Proceſſion paſſe along
 In intermixed ranks of men and Angels
 The holie-Ghoſt over-bov'ring their ſongs
 There ſounded Muſick-inſtruments and Belles;
 Yea, birdes conſorted with their warbling layes
 Tenter-common alſo in this dayes praife,

Along as thus we march'd about the Temple
 In rich array, in ſweetes, and mellodie,
 A ſuddaine Zephire-gale blew from the ſteeple
 Solliciting our eyes ſupernally,
 And what it was; Oh, there I bend my knee
 It was a Virgin in bright maieſtic,

The ſkie did open, and adowne diſcended
 Vpon a ſiluer-cloud this ſollemne ſight
 A Mayden-Nymph moſt ſhone ſatellind
 With all the Angell-court of heauen our-right
 She was inueſted in as Orient ſplendor
 As Gods omnipotence and Loue could lend her.

ſhe was the *Gemini* of high *Hieruſalem*
 The Patronelle of *Sion*, and the Advocate
 Of grace and mercie vnto mortall men
 Her comming was for to congratulate
 This triumph-day and gratefull Iubilie
 Of *Sion* vnto God for victorie.

Which

A FIG FOR FORTVNE

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Which such her presence stinted our Procession
Rapt vs all into a sweet admire
Of so shone figure: her irradiation
Flaming our spirites with a mightie fire
Of Seraphin-affection and zeale
To die in vision of her sweet reuale,

I may not be so impious and prophane
As to compare this heauenlic spectacle
To any earthlie pompe, or jollie vaine
Of *Cæsars* Bride: whose pride is but a cackle
Or as a shaddow in comparison
Of so triumphant and most Virgin-vision.

There on the Temple-pinnacle she rested
Gracing, and doubling our sollempne feast
With her in-heauen; And all the while she attested
Both with her glee-full countenance and gest
Gods euerlasting loue vnto the place
And ke her owne against *Doblossas* race.

At last she gan to waue and wend about
Our sollempne multitude with all her traine
Suspending vs in a delitious doubt
Of some sweet sequell: Our doubt was not in vaine,
For on the suddaine howering ouer vs
She shew'd downe *Roses* most odoriferous,

M 2

Roses

A FIG FOR FORTVNE:

Roses both red and white adowne she shewred
 From out her virgin-lap, so sweet relenting
 As all our senses into sent adured,
 So done; she vanished, leauing vs a scrambling
 For such her sweets; I for my part was one
 That neuer would giue ouer till all had done.

And still I call'd vpon *Elizas* name:
 Thinking those Roses hers, that figure hers,
 Vntill such time as *Catechrysim* came
 And pointing me vnto his faithfull teares
 (Teares of the zeale he bare t' *Elizas* name)
 He told me No; she was an Eterne Daine.

With that I cast mine eye into the East
 Where yet I might discern the region bright,
 Much like as when the Sunne downe in the West
 Newly descended, leaues vs of his light
 Some Rubie-rellickes after: Oh, deer God
 Why made she not with vs more long abod,

Rapt with these woonders, wrapt in virgin-Roses
 And faire be-Sioned against mistortune,
 I suddainly was gone from these repoles
 Sollicited with an etpeciall importune
 Of home-ward zeale, and of *Elizas* name,
 Wherto I bend, and say: God blese the same,
 FINIS.

